

## [Carl Wilson]

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Range-lore

Annie McAulay

Maverick, Texas.

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### RANGE-LORE

Carl Wilson was born in Trenton, Tennessee, March 18, 1872. He moved to Texas with his parents at the age of five years, who settled first in Dallas County.

Mr. Wilson says, "I came to Runnels County with my parents in 1883, and stopped at Old Runnels, where we lived for a good many years. I began riding when quite young. Everybody rode in the West. I remember my first impression of this country as a boy, was that all the men nearly were cowboys and that there weren't many trees. Of course I wanted a job when I grew up and the West needed lots of cowhands, so when I was about sixteen I got my first job. I worked for first one and then another. Like many other young fellows I was restless and wanted to see what was on the other side of the hill.

"I believe the toughest job I ever had was during a drouth once. It had been very dry for several months in these parts. I don't remember the year for certain, but I think it was in ninety eight or nine. The pastures had dried up; water was scarcer then hair on a bald head. Cattle were dying for the want of grass and water. We had two or three thousand head of steers and were moving them to Ford County and it seemed like the further we went the drier and hotter it got. All the streams were dry as a bone. Two men in our outfit rode ahead up and down the streams and draws looking for water, but in vain. Our horses

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as well as the cattle did without water three days. The cook allowed the men only one cupful each of water per day. Finally we came to the Salt Fork of the Brazos River only to find it was too salty to drink. The cattle would stick their noses in it but come up with a snort and a shake of their head. It was a pathetic sight to watch 'em. The water was so salty that we had to grease our boots we'd gotten wet in it, or we couldn't have pulled them on next morning. We found water soon after crossing the salt river. But that was sure some experience.

"I knew Booger Red and a few other good broncho busters. Booger Red broke some stuff for the Parramore outfit while I was working for them. I believe the best buster I ever knew, outside of old Booger was a negro named Tom Fired. He could sure ride 'em and knew all their tricks. I remember the N U Bar outfit had a spoiled horse that nobody could ride. He'd pitch awhile and if he didn't throw the rider he would fall down and then turn over on him. He tried this three times with Tom. The first time he almost got Tom but he finally 3 scrambled up and got on him again. After the third time he lost his patience. The last time he climbed on the horse he began using his quirt before he'd hardly gotten in the saddle. He'd hit him on the head between the ears and at the same time spurring for all he was worth, and rode that horse 'til he rode him down, then climbed down and said, 'Mister, here's your horse, he's cured.' And sure enough he was gentled. He never pitched another time." Range-lore

Annie McAulay

Maverick, Texas.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY

Carl Wilson, Ballinger, Texas, interviewed February 3, 1938. 1 Beliefs and customs - Occupatinal lore

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CONTINUITY

COWBOY-LORE

CARL WILSON was born in Trenton , Tennessee , March 18, 1872. He moved to Texas with his parents at the age of five years , They who settled first in Dallas County.

Mr. Wilson says, "I came to Runnels county County with my parents in 1883, and stopped at Old Runnels, where we lived for a good many years. I began riding when quite young. Everybody rode in the west West . I remember my first impression of this country as a boy, was that all the men nearly were cowboys and that there weren't many trees. Of course I wanted a job when I grew up and the West needed lots of cowhands , so, when I was about sixteen I got my first job. My first jobs of riding weren't usually so long. I worked for first one and then another. I'd get tired of staying in one place and I'd move on to another. I never get fired. Like many other young fellows I was restless and wanted to see what was on the other side of the hill. " I rode for Lucia Woods, an old time cowman, for awhile. He recently died at his old home at Old Runnels. I was working for Sam Padgett when I made my first drive. I helped to drive a herd from Runnels to [?] county. It wasn't a very long drive and we didn't have no trouble to speak of. but I thought then we had done a big job. C12 - Texas 2 I worked [???] a good many years. I worked on the Parramore ranch in [???] years and also worked several years for [??] on The Diamond [??????????] to make a number of drives. "I believe the toughest job I ever had was during a drouth once.

It had been very dry for several months in these parts. I don't remember the year for certain, but I think it was in ninety eight or nine, maybe. The pastures had dried up water

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was scarcer then hair / on a bald head. Cattle were dying for grass and water, for the want of it grass and water. I was with The Thompson Bros. Outfit when we [??] drive. We had two or three thousand head of steers and were moving them to Ford County We got along pretty good except for water and grass. and it / Seemed / like the further we went the drier and hotter it got. All the streams were dry as a bone. Two men in our outfit rode ahead looking for water. They rode up and down the streams / and draws looking for water, but in vain. Our horses as well as the cattle did without water three days. We had to take it slow. Only moving during the cool part of the day. The cook allowed the men only one cupful each of water per day. Finnally Finally we came to the salt fork Salt Fork of the Brazos river River only to find it was too salty to drink. The cattle would stick their noses in it but come up with a snort and a shake of / their head. It was a pathetic sight to watch 'em. The 3 The water was so salty that we [??] had to grease our boots we'd gotten wet in it, or we couldn't have pull pulled them on next morning. We finanally delivered our cattle , got there wit more of 'em too. We found water soon after crossing the salt river. But that was shore sure some experience. I have seen cattle stampede. I know as I [?] seen a real serious stamped tho. When the cattle would begin to stir or got disturbed. We'd try to [??] them by singing and quickly riding around them if they started to run we'd [?] try to head 'em [????] circling. We could nearly always stop them that way. I've known many good riders, in fact all cowhands had to be pretty good. I knew Booger Red and a few other good Bronco Broncho Busters. Booger Red broke some stuff for the Parramore outfit while I was working for them.

I believe the best buster I ever knew, outside of old Booger was a negro named Tom Fired. He could shore sure ride 'em and knew all their tricks, or could [?] to them.

I remember the N U Bar outfit had a spoiled horse that nobody ould could ride. He was shore some ornery cuss. He'd pitch awhile and if he didn't throw the rider he would fall down and then turn over on him. He tried this three times with Tom. The first time he almost got Tom but he finnally scrambled up and got on him again. After the third time [?] he lost his patience. The last time he cimbed climbed on the horse [?] te he began using

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his quirt before he'd hardly gotten in the 4 saddle. He'd hit him on the head between the ears and at the same time spurring for all he was worth , and He he rode that dadblamed horse 'til he rode him down , hen then climbed down and said, "Mister [?] [here's?] yo your hoss horse, he's cuored cured ." And shor nuff sure enough he was gentled. He ever pitched another time. " Mr. Wilson lived a single and free life for sixty years. He says he was really a lon lone cowhand. He was persuaded, he says, to change his mind and was married in 1932 to Miss Laura Smith. He worked for a number of years after he quit riding as Water Service Man. for the Elpaso And SouthWestern Railroad Co. He had to retire two years ago on account of ill health. He and his wife now make their home in Ballinger. Bibliography.

Carl Wilson, Ballinger Texas. Pioneer citizen and old cowhand in West Texas. Interviewed Feb. 3, 1938.